

...saying that he's got
...rying her and payu

SAYING THAT HE'S GOT TO CHOOSE
BETWEEN PAYING HER AND PAYING HIS BILL."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Another Proverb Exposed.
(Harvard Lampoon.)
They say that love is blind, but yet
The saying is untrue,
For in my life I came
Ten times as much as you.

Summer Perils.
(Indiana Journal.)
Just now looms up the summer day,
Her campaigner's just begun;
She'll flirt, and flirt, and flirt, and flirt;
To hell men are on hand
And yet it often comes to pass
That ere the frosts of fall
She falls in love herself, and then
To her one man is all.

Nemina Amoris.
Writes William Parsons, in Atlantic Monthly.
I could love returns before I die,
If happy love could live so long,
Would not come with smile or sigh,
Nor wake in me the gift of song.
But, rather with a lovely care
It would remove the fear;
For pleasures out of season born
Are ashes at the core, and dust.
And beauty's voice might plead in vain,
And music's voice intone forever—
Shouldst thou hear such strains strain
But one note of never, never.

The Gate of Sleep.
(W. J. Henderson in New York Times.)
Between the dusk and dawn of night,
The borders of the sea of sleep,
Where cometh in the fading light
The streak of surges of the deep,
As we swim out across the space
Between the pulse of life and death;
So fast, the spirit seeks its place
Whereas that which the gates of breath
A start; the passing power is broken;
And is motionless midway in its flight;
My claims it, and there is no token
Of rest from that haven of the night.
And hold the light that on me grows
As'er the beam of day's swift speed,
And I voice the mystery that flows
Life and death, 'twixt truth and humors
Is.

from the sacred door of sleep
Is a given law of import high:
He would sound the secrets of this deep
lay him down would die to die.

Kissing Goodby.
(William Plunkett in San Francisco Call.)
he took and a backward look,
His hair grew suddenly lighter;
his face hid 'neath a coffin-lid,
bitter tears were falling.
ain would tottle the rain!
under our idle scolding;
let us not miss the smile and kiss
en we part in the light of morning.

One Heart's Enough for Me.
(Auguste Mignon.)
One heart's enough for me—
One heart to love, after the first;
One heart's enough for me;
O, who could soar above?
The birds that know how true
And sing their songs more high,
Ask but for one to love,
And therefore should not I?
One pair of eyes to gaze—
One single act of sparkling wit;
In which sweet love betrays
Her form of fairest hue;
One pair of glowing cheeks,
Fresh as the rose and fair,
Whose crimson blush bespeaks
The health that's native there.
One pair of hands to twine
Love's flowers fair and gay,
And form a wreath divine,
Which never can decay;
And this is all I ask,
One gentle form and fair,
Beneath whose smiles to bask,
And learn love's sweetness there.

A Sudden Shower.
(James Whitcomb Riley.)
arefooted boys sud up the street,
Or scurry under shelter of a tree;
nd schoolgirls faces, pale and sweet,
Glean from the shawls about their heads.
And being wet they have no need;
From alien homes; and rusty gates
are slammed; and high above it all
The thunder grim reverberates.
And then shall the rain fall like rain!
The earth lies gurgling; and the eyes
shed the streaming window panes
smile as the bubbles of the skies
The highway smokes, sharp echoes ring;
The cattle bawl and cowboys clank;
nd into town comes galling
The farmer, with his steaming tank,
The swallow dips beneath the eaves,
And flirts his plumes and folds his wings;
nd under the eaves the catkins grow
The caterpillar curls and clinks.
The wormhole is pelted down
The west stem of the hollyhock;
nd sullenly in the gutter brown
The cricket leaps the garden walk.
'Tis then, the baby lays his hands
On the mother's knee, and wags
'bout, beneath the rose bush stands
A dripping rooster on one leg.

Today.
(Congregationalist.)
Re swift to love your own yo, dears,
Your own who need you so;
Say to the speeding hour, dears,
"I will not let thee go."
Except thou give a blessing;
Force it to bide and stay,
Love has no sure tomorrow,
It only has today.
Oh, hasten to be kind, dears,
Before the time shall come
When you're left behind, dears,
In an all-lonely home;
Before in later contrition
Vainly you weep and pray,
Love has no sure tomorrow,
It only has today.
Swifter than sun and shade, dears,
Move the feet winging days,
The chance we have to love, dears,
May be never come again.
Joy is a flicker rover,
He brooketh not delay,
Love has no sure tomorrow,
It only has today.
Too late to bid or grave, dears,
Too late to love or sign,
When death has laid his seal, dears,
On the cold lid and eye,
Too late our arms to lavish
Upon the burial clay,
Love has no sure tomorrow,
It only has today.

Four-Leaved Clover.
(Frank Smart in Detroit Free Press.)
I wore our heads the sky was blue,
With green fields round our feet,
Within a world made just for two,
We fairly day found us.
Was a maiden fave and young;
I wore her lover.
searched, where matted grasses clung,
For four-leaved clover.
Let's behind the smothered path,
nd took, unthinking,
scents that lured us as a bath
rom blossoms bleeding;
unmay have with sudden boom—
sweet-titting rover—
gave, by, nor showed the rarer bloom
of four-leaved clover.
ometimes our tangled hands would touch—
ometimes our faces
w close together when, in such
mechanical play,
ere common clatters hid the ground,
he knelt and wore her
the fingers deftly, though, but found
of four-leaved clover.
grass-trimmed leafy of apple trees,
er well and hollow,
went the ways of birds and bees
fours choice foot-

